Enter the Queene.

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue *I* in thy sorrow,
As *I* had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And *I* for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when *I* see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee,
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue *I*
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That *I* being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo, Edward.

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare L. Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. *What* staie had *I* but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. *What* staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. *What* staies had *I* but they, and they are gone?

Qu. *Was* euer widow, had so deare a losse?

Am. *Was* euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?

Dut. *Was* euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, *I* am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do *I*:
I for an Edward, and so do they,
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Powre all your teares, *I* am your sorrowes nurse,
And *I* will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloster,*

Gl. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *with others,*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, *I* do cry you mercie,
I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.
Thats the but end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest for this king,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our king.